THE BROTHEL

The first night I went with S'Tav for comradship, to see and duly praise his latest pet, knowing he would be like all the rest, pretty, pouting and coy. I felt no urge to indulge myself. I planned to share a glass of Kavva, watch the entertainment, and then to leave.

S'Tav led the way to the House of Twin Jewels. I thought his new fancy must cost him dearly, the Jewels was the most extravagant brothel in the city. His sculpture was highly prized, but he could only bear to part with one work to finance another. First in precious malachite, now in rare celadon jade, Tav had a passion for carving life size figures of the delicate and grubby urchins he was forever plucking from the streets. They would pose for him, bed him...and steal from him. Perhaps his money would last as long here.

We stood at the outer gates of iron wrought in the shape of mating dragons. Two guards passed us inside, through the red grape arbor, to the equisite inner doors of carved ivory, each panel describing a different erotic scene from Vulcan myth. I recognized S'Kye and T'Lenda...T'Preta and the roguish le-matya, Kourkus..the brothers, Solan and Solad...Syya and Surak the Mad, drowning in fire..

Impatient for his own beauty, S'Tav pushed open the doors and we entered the lavish central hall The interior was fragrant and gleaming, lit by scented candles in sconces and chandaliers, its floors inlaid with a pattern of colored marbles, its walls covered with alternating panels of gilt stenciled silk and rare woods--deep purple vour'ku, pale milkwillow, rose heddanut.

At one end of the hall a shimmering crystal curtain was parted to show a room of blood green and gold, circled with couches and low tables. In its center, two soft furred Cedealian hermaphrodites played a teasing duet on lyre and flute. Jeweled belts were locked about their waists instead of the usual bracelets or collars that might mar their wrist ruffs and fluffy white manes. They were the newest and most piquant pleasure of the house, no doubt, Cedealia being a recent conquest of the Vulcan Empire.

The two creatures played sweetly. It was early still, and the couches were just beginning to fill. Wilder revelry would come later, with dancers and a sexual performance--perhaps the hermaphrodites tonight.

At the other end of the hall a wide staircase swept down from the rooms above. There was movement on the balcony as several pleasure slaves gathered to make their entrance. I looked up as you descended the stair. They understood your beauty well here, and played it. They kept you unpainted, to emphasize your savage quality, the wild and tawny beast only half-tamed. Your muscles were oiled and rippling in the candlelight. Your pale gold skin bound with gilded chains--human strength frail against Vulcan power. The strength and frailty equally enticing.

You felt my gaze and met it, level and cool, owning yourself still. A look that would have been a challenge, if not so self-contained. I stared back, entranced, while everything around you blurred dissolved in a golden haze, a radiance. As if your body cast not shadow but light.

It would be easier if my passions were not so sudden, so total...so few. Better many small fires to warm the nights than a single consuming blaze. Easier still not to care at all.

I thought I had starved my heart into submission.

S'Tav was shaking my arm gently and laughing, mocking me for my penchant for humans. I turned away and tried to be attentive, greeting the dark eyed, sulky boychild he clasped about the waist. Behind me I could still feel your presence. Tav was saying something...wine...sweetmeats...music....

I had to look once more. You stood, almost at the foot of the stairs, your eyes on the door. I followed your glance and saw Skarrak had just entered the room. I fought with him on this last Klingon campaign, and have seen him claim the spoils of war. Rape is a kind word for his pleasures. I saw from your face you knew him too...and saw your defiance even in fear. Then for a moment your eyes sought mine again, as Skarrak moved forward to buy you for the evening. I was there before him, laying down my credits and receiving your key in return.

As I approached you still did not smile, but held my gaze. Assessing yet another stranger.... I could see the color of your eyes now, the bright flecks of green and gold and amber. Then you turned, and, without touching you, I followed upstairs to your room and closed the door behind us.

Submissively, you held out your wrists to have your chains unlocked. Smiling then, ruefully. Gracefully performing a ritual abasement disguised as a ritual freedom. I was already hard as you undressed me.

That first night we each tried to impress the other. At what point did heartless skill transform itself to heartfelt passion? The beguiling fingers begin to fiercely clench and grasp? I remember your cries...and mine. The slick slide of our bodies. The coolness within you, your balls tight and round in my hand. The sudden dark perfume of your musk as your body arched and shattered beneath me.

The second night I came to your drowning and pulled you down with me....

The third night...the third night I was late, after a quarrel at home. They told me no one had claimed you--instead you were performing. I stood behind the curtain, half hidden by its glittering, clinking strands, and watched you taken by two massive Orions, your mouth swallowing one great dark green cock, your ass the other, before the attentive crowd.

Perceiving me, you froze for a second, until the one fucking you slapped your buttocks sharp and loud, urging you on. Your cock, dangling half hard between your legs, stiffened then and began to rise. The audience laughed and cheered. I wanted to know if it was my eyes or his hand which brought you erect. Trembling, magnetized, I witnessed the end of your performance then left, full of nausea and desire. I dreamed of them, dreamed I was them, taking you both ways at once.

For a week, wanting you, I refused to return.

Today in the gymnasium Skarrak made a point to seek me out, to tell me he had been to visit you, describing in detail your encounter, how he wound you in your chains so you could not move, your hips